

November 9-19, 2006
Moldova Medical Mission
Patricia F. Beaver, MD

November 29, 2006



I recently went to Moldova with Sue Korthauer, Melanie Bratton and Sarah Moore on a medical mission. The mission involved both medical and evangelistic aspects. I am extremely glad that I had the opportunity to be included in Sue's most recent mission to Moldova. I have been asked to report on my experiences and to communicate how my territory was expanded by God.

God works in mysterious ways, doesn't He? When my former partner, Ron Kerr, was temporarily felled by his health this summer, I called the office to volunteer to help in any way that I could. Little did I know that the way I could help was to accompany Sue to Moldova because Ken was busy with extra work and emergency call duties. When Sue called and asked if I could go to Moldova, I knew that God had given me the mission trip to help Ken and to expand my horizons.

Before the trip, all four of the ladies involved met 2 times. Once, for a lunch to get acquainted and once to pack medicines. I must admit that the next expansion of my territory was learning to give up control. I learned that Sue was traveling to Moldova before us and that we were not allowed by the Moldovan government to bring medication into the country. Sue told us to take zip ties to close the baggage with and suggested that when we got to customs that we should just act innocent and state that we had nothing to open the ties with. Since I normally follow all rules and have very little experience traveling overseas I had to decide right then and there to trust God to get me through this adventure. I started praying harder.

When we checked in for our flight on November 9th, my son's first grade teacher that I had not seen in 15 years recognized me. She was on her way to her brother's funeral and was quite distraught. He had committed suicide and her family situation was incredibly pathologic. I think God put me in her path in order to bring some stability to her day. I was able to suggest that she should go to the Lord for help. If I had not been on a mission trip I do not know if I would have been so open to sharing my belief in God with her.

We met several servicemen on their way to the Middle East in the Atlanta airport. We felt that if they could go through something as hard as leaving their country and families to protect us, that any sacrifices on our trip were small compared to their sacrifices. It certainly helped to see our inconveniences on the trip through a different perspective. That was true for the entire trip.

Even though I say I believe in God and know He is always with me, I did not realize how close He stays to me all day, every day. Prayer has always been a mainstay of support to me from God and my favorite Psalm is 121. Imagine my surprise to see a prayer room in the Frankfurt airport as we unloaded from the plane. Imagine my huge surprise to find my favorite Psalm printed up on a handout in that prayer room. Talk about God watching over me!! I felt His grace with me.

The next expansion of my territory was also a lesson in how God is in control, not me. We were met by the VIP part of customs in Moldova. I have never been so uncomfortable in my life, surrounded by guards speaking a language foreign to me, knowing that the last mission group 2 weeks ahead of ours had had all of their medications confiscated at customs. Somehow (by the grace of God) we made it through with all of our bags. Well, at least we thought we had them all. When we got to our quarters, we appeared to be missing one of MY bags that had a box of 9,000 vitamins in it as well as coloring books that were a large part of the evangelism outreach. Hours later, it appeared that I would have to return to the airport to try to find the bag. I flatly stated that I would not go to the airport for the bag--it was something that I could not do. I then went into the room where all of the bags were, and much to my surprise found the missing bag. God be praised, He does know that I am stubborn. Perhaps the bag had been there all along, but I am convinced that God opened my eyes to see it before I had to encounter the Moldovan customs agents again. He never gives us more than what we can handle.

God then helped me share my testimony with the ladies on the trip. It was not as hard as I imagined. Another growing step.

I got to see Satan at work in situations trying to prevent the mission trip from being accomplished. Late on Sunday evening (we were to leave Mon. AM) we lost our bus driver and it appeared that our main evangelist (George) was not going to be able to come on the trip. However, after we prayed and trusted God all fell into place. Sue had told me that she prays her way through situations and I now feel I can pray my way through situations. That is a hard thing to learn at 54.

The orphans expanded my territory the most. They were cheerful, thankful for everything that we did, and their hearts were open to God. Their situations are sad, but they make the most of friendships. Sue has managed to touch their hearts for God with her missions. Perhaps things would go easier for her if she had a major group backing her up with medications, shipping, and evangelism but I came to the realization that it is mostly her hands on way of doing business that lets the children know that someone truly cares. Certainly, the young Moldovan people that she has surrounded herself with know that she cares for them and their country. Through that caring they have learned how to share their faith in God and Jesus with



their countrymen. I have been blessed with wonderful memories and a new appreciation for God's power. I have also been blessed to be able to meet 3 fine Christian women on this trip. I have always worked in a profession that is dominated by men and have not had very much time to explore friendships with other Christian women outside of my own church, so I treasured the time that I spent with the Yah(weh) Yah(weh) sisters.

Patricia F. Beaver, MD